

Evening World Ten-Second Movie of Big People in Action

Elinor Glyn Snapped and Interviewed Passing Through New York on Her Way to Los Angeles



"The jazz girl is going out in England and the chaperon is coming back. Modesty is the thing."

"The English hostess would not for a moment tolerate intoxication among her young guests."

"The American woman is the most beautiful in the world and the most intelligent. Why must there be exorcises on the orange?"

"Petting parties" are common and vulgar—the thing we expect from the chambermaid who sits on the beach and lets her sergeant hug her."

"Men are so busy that they like what is easy to reach—for a little while. The girl who keeps a mystery about herself is successful."

"Let women exercise their control of manners. Let the hostess refuse to invite to the next party the persons who misbehaved at the last one."

"Parents are chiefly responsible for a girl's lack of restraint. In her youth she should be guarded and guided."

"I believe the girl of tomorrow will be between the girl of yesterday and the girl of today—a sort of 'roast beef medium.'"

22 NEW YORK HOSPITALS DESIGNATED FOR TREATMENT OF THE CITY'S CRIPPLES

Health Commissioner Acts Promptly on Evening World's Suggestion.

HOPE FOR "HOPELESS."

Best of Orthopedic Surgeons Will Work With Up-to-Date Facilities.

No matter in which of the five boroughs of New York cripples may live, or where, those who avail themselves of the opportunity offered by Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Commissioner of Health, through The Evening World, for treatment will find near them a clinic and a hospital fully equipped, with able surgeons waiting to serve them.

Twenty-two hospitals, each with orthopedic service, many of them among the best equipped institutions in the world and operated under the direction of the world's leading orthopedists, have been designated by Dr. Copeland for the operation, treatment and cure of all of the city's unfortunate who will use them.

"We want every cripple in Greater New York," said Dr. Copeland, "to come to these city hospitals for treatment. If their cases are curable, New York has the surgeons and the facilities to treat them as has no other city in the world.

"Our surgeons, as Dr. Lorenz, one of the world's leading orthopedists, has several times pointed out, are the equals of any in the world. He has urged the maimed people of this city to go to them, and as Health Commissioner of New York I assure them they will be welcomed and every facility we have will be devoted to their attention."

EXAMINATIONS BEGIN NEXT WEDNESDAY.

The preliminary examination of these cripples will be started at the headquarters of the Board of Health in each of the five boroughs next Wednesday, as announced yesterday in The Evening World.

Competent physicians will be on hand to examine the patients, who within a week or ten days, will receive reports on their cases and, if the latter are curable, will be instructed to go to the hospital which can best give them the treatment they need.

Patients with any deformity, whether they be the result of diseased joints or infantile paralysis, are offered help. These preliminary examinations will be held on every Monday, Wednesday and Friday after Dec. 14 as long as cripples present themselves, and besides the examinations offered them at the Board of Health offices they may, if they choose, present themselves any time at the usual clinics at the hospital nearest their homes which maintain orthopedic services.

WHERE THE CRIPPLED AND DEFORMED WILL BE TREATED.

The twenty-two hospitals designated by Dr. Copeland, each of which will treat poor patients without charge, are:

Post-Graduate Hospital, No. 203 East 20th Street, the orthopedic section of which is in charge of Dr. Frederick B. Albee and Dr. Charles L. Ogilvy, both of whom have world-wide reputations as leaders in their profession, and a large staff of competent assistants.

New York Orthopedic Hospital, No. 420 East 53rd Street, where are Drs. Russell A. Hibbs and B. P. Farrell.

New York Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled, No. 321 East 43rd Street—Drs. Royal Whitman, Virgil P. Gibney and H. L. Taylor.

Reconstruction Hospital, Central

Park West and 100th Street—Drs. Charlton Wallace and Arthur H. Cilley.

Hospital for Joint Diseases, No. 1322 Madison Avenue—Drs. Henry W. Frauenthal, Herman Frauenthal and Harry Finkelstein.

Mount Sinai Hospital, Fifth Avenue and 100th Street—Drs. P. W. Nathan and Edgar Oppenheimer.

New York Hospital, No. 3 West 16th Street—Drs. Irving Steinhardt and Earl Ander Werker.

St. Luke's Hospital, Amsterdam Avenue and 113th Street—Dr. Haldsted Myers.

St. Vincent's Hospital, Seventh Avenue and 11th Street—Dr. Reginald Sayre.

Broad Street Hospital, No. 129 Broad Street, where infantile paralysis cases are treated by electricity—Drs. Robert T. Morris, William H. Diefenbach and Herbert Taylor.

Harlem Hospital, Lenox Avenue and 183rd Street—Drs. Henry Scott and I. Irish.

Cornell University Dispensary, First Avenue and 28th Street—Dr. Charlton Wallace.

Lebanon Hospital, Westchester and Caldwell Avenues, the Bronx—Dr. Samuel Kleinberg.

Fordham Hospital, Southern Boulevard—Dr. Samuel W. Borstein.

Long Island College Hospital, Henry and Amity Streets, Brooklyn—Dr. J. C. Rushmore, Herbert C. Felt and a large staff of assistants.

Brooklyn Hospital, Raymond Street and De Kalb Avenue—Dr. Hunter.

House of St. Giles, No. 1246 President Street, Brooklyn—Drs. Charles E. Nagler and Frank L. Lyne.

Kings County Hospital, Clarkson Street, Brooklyn—Drs. Frank B. Van Wort, Ralph C. Williams and assistants.

Staten Island Hospital—Dr. Ware.

Jamaica Hospital, Jamaica, Queens—Dr. Courpen.

Gouverneur Hospital, foot of Gouverneur Slip—Drs. Harry and Schwartz.

Community Hospital, No. 19 W. 101st Street—Dr. Raulfson.

IMMEDIATE EXAMINATIONS URGED.

The hours during which patients should present themselves for the preliminary examinations will be announced in The Evening World as soon as Dr. Copeland can complete arrangements for their reception.

Every cripple or deformed person who has never had an examination or advice or who has not had treatment should be examined as soon as possible. Parents of children, particularly are urged not to delay, for many cases of deformities can be cured if treatment is started early enough. Indeed, most of the cases of incurable adults, it is stated, could have been satisfactorily handled had treatment begun when the patient was young.

VANDAL RUINED \$3,000 IN GOWNS

Chauffeur Alleged to Have Confessed He Threw Acid on Employer's Stock.

An irrepressible desire to damage things caused David Edelstein, eighteen, to ruin \$3,000 in dresses and gowns by sprinkling hydrochloric acid over them, the police declare he confessed to them. The prisoner was caught by a tell-tale stain on his shoe.

Detective Moore of the West 47th Street Station knows something about chemistry and was assigned to investigate the case when Mason Biensack, President of a large and prosperous cleaning and dyeing establishment at No. 618 West 46th Street, reported the mutilated garments in the finished stock room.

Edelstein, employed for a month as

a chauffeur, appeared for work with a stain on his shoe. He was taken to the station house.

There another acid stain was found on the inside pocket of the prisoner's coat. He protested his innocence until Moore sent to the drug store for some hydrochloric acid and proved by test that the stains on the prisoner's clothing were due to the acid's effects. Then, the police declare, Edelstein confessed.

JERSEY MAN BADLY HURT AS TRAIN HITS AUTO

Samuel McElroy of Pompton Lakes Sustains Fractured Skull.

POMPTON LAKES, N. J., Dec. 8.—Samuel W. McElroy of Pompton Lakes, President of the Tri-County Power Company, was seriously injured late last night when the automobile in which he



Charlie Chaplin's own story of his Trip Abroad



Follow This Humorous Narrative of Famous Film Comedian's Experiences—Daily in The Evening World

FOURTH INSTALMENT—CHARLIE SAYS GOODBYE TO LAND OF HIS ADOPTION

Escapes Battery of Reporters and Cameras on Pier Only to Be Ambushed by Children on Board Ship.

Likes the Ship and Explores It, but He's Out of Luck—There Are Few Pretty Girls On It.

By Charlie Chaplin.

(This is the fourth instalment of Charlie Chaplin's own story of his European trip. Previous instalments have told of his trip across the continent, his welcome to New York, and his farewell parties there.)

THE crowds, reporters, photographers, all sorts of traffic—pushing, shoving, opening passports, visas O. K'd, stamped in perfect, almost clocklike precision, I am shoved aboard.

The newspaper battery pictorial and reporterial. There is no original note.

"Mr. Chaplin, why are you going to Europe?"

I feel that in this last moment I should be a bit more tolerant and pleasant, no matter how difficult. I bring forth the "prop" smile again.

"For a vacation," I answer.

Then they go through the standard interview form and I try to be obliging.

Lots of people to see me off. Somehow I don't seem interested in them very much. My mind is pretty well occupied. I am trying to make conversation but am more interested in the people and the boat and those who are going to travel with me.

THEN COME THE CHILDREN.

Many of the passengers on the boat are bringing their children. I may be introduced. I don't mind children.

"I have seen you so many times in the picture," I find myself smiling at them graciously and pleasantly, especially the children.

I doubt if I am really sincere in this as it is too early in the morning. Despite the fact that I love children, I find them difficult to meet. I feel rather inferior to them. Most of them have assurance, have not yet been cursed with self-consciousness.

And one has to be very much on his best behavior with children because they detect our insincerity. I find there are quite a lot of children on board.

Everyone is so pleasant, especially those left behind. Handkerchiefs are waving. The boat is off. We start to move, the waters are churning. Am feeling very sad, rather regretful—think what a nice man my lawyer is.

We turn around the bend and get into the channel. The crowds are but little flies now. In this

meeting dramatic moment there comes the feeling of leaving something very dear behind.

The camera man and many of his brothers are aboard. I discover him as I turn around. I did not want to discover him just then. I wanted to be alone with sky and water. But I am still Charlie Chaplin. I must be photographed—and am.

We are passing the Statue of Liberty—he asks me to wave and throw kisses, which rather annoys me.

The thing is too obvious. It offends my sense of sincerity.

The Statue of Liberty is thrilling, dramatic, a glorious symbol. I would feel self-conscious and cheap in deliberately waving and throwing kisses at it. I will be myself.

I refuse.

As I turn from the photographer I feel a sense of relief. I am to have a reprieve from such annoyances. Reporters for the while are left behind. It is a delicious sense of security.



HE BRINGS FORTH THE "PROP" SMILE FOR THE NEWSPAPER BATTERY.

looking forward to my evening meal.

We go to the Ritz grill to dine. Everyone is pleasant. I seem to sense the feel of England immediately. Foreign food—a change of system—the different bill of fare, with money in terms of pounds, shillings and pence. And the dishes—pleasant, grouse and wild duck. For the first time I feel the elegant gentleman, the man of means.

I ask questions and discover that there are really some very interesting people aboard. But I resent any one telling me about them. I want to discover them myself. I almost about when some one tries to read me a passenger list. This is my desert island—I am going to explore it myself. The prospect is intriguing. I am 2,000 miles from Hollywood and 2,000 miles from Europe. For the moment I belong to neither.

God be praised, I am myself. It is my little moment of happiness, the glorious "to-day" that is sandwiched in between the exhausting "yesterday" of Los Angeles and the portentous "to-morrow" of Europe.

For the moment I am content.

PREPARING FOR A WAKEFUL NIGHT.

There are very few pretty girls aboard. I never have any luck that way. And it is a weakness of mine. I feel that it would be awfully pleasant to cross the ocean with a number of nice girls who were pretty and who would take me along with them after breakfast.

There is a composite squeal of pleasure at this and a sickening fear comes over me. I call Tom. He enters amid a raft of autograph books. I start to sign them and postpone it until after breakfast.

(Continued To-Morrow.)

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There is no watchman at the crossing late at night and the tracks are crossed from the point of Mr. McElroy's apartment. He was seriously injured late last night when the automobile in which he

was driving was struck and demolished by a train at the main crossing here of the Buschmann Railroad. Mr. McElroy was hurled 20 feet and suffered a fracture of the skull. He was taken to the home of Dr. William S. Colfax in Pompton Lakes, where he is being treated.

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I have a copy of Max Eastman's poems, colors of life, a volume of treasures. I try to read them, but am too nervous. The type passes in parade, but I assimilate nothing. I prepare to sleep and be in good shape for the morning. But that is also impossible.

I am beyond sleep to-night now. I am in something new, something pregnant with expectation. The immediate future is too alluring for sleep.

How shall I be received in England? What sort of a trip shall I have? Whom shall I meet on board? The thoughts chase each other round my brain and back again, all running into one another in their rambling.

I get up and go to see if Knobel is in. He sleeps audibly and convincingly. He is not making his debut.

I go back to my room. I rather feel sorry for me. If only the Turkish baths were open I could while a few hours of my time away until morning. Thus I meditate. The last thing I remember is I clock in the morning and the next thing 11:30. I could hear a great bit of excitement going on outside my cabin door. There are a lot of children there with autograph books. I tell them that I will sign them later and have them leave the books with my secretary, Tom Harrington.

There is a composite squeal of pleasure at this and a sickening fear comes over me. I call Tom. He enters amid a raft of autograph books. I start to sign them and postpone it until after breakfast.

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DR. SOLOMON TO SPEAK.

At the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society of America, Nos. 422-424 Lafayette Street, on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, Rev. Dr. Elias L. Solomon, President of the United Synagogue of America, will speak on "Adjusting Ourselves to a New Environment." Proceeding the lecture there will be a concert.

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"JAZZ GIRL" IS GOING OUT AND GETTING BACK TO MODESTY IS ELINOR GLYN'S OPINION

Famous Author Says Change Is Marked in England and She Hopes to Note It in America—Vulgarity Is Immodest and Wicked—Women Can Control a People's Manners.

Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

"The jazz girl is going out, in England and the chaperon has come back," declared Elinor Glyn. "Girls in the best London society are getting over the mad rush, the wartime lack of restraint. They are wearing less expensive clothes—of course, no one in England has any money now—and the styles are not nearly so extreme. They are smoking fewer cigarettes, their dancing is not open to criticism, they are cultivating modesty and reserve and dignity."

"I hope and believe that in America also there is this impulse toward higher standards and better manners. For it has seemed to me such a great pity that in a certain type of American girl the most unbridled instincts of youth should have free play without the slightest attempt at self-discipline."

The author of "Three Weeks" passed through New York yesterday on her way to Los Angeles, after spending two months in her English home. For the greater part of 1921 she was in this country, and certain of her observations are summed up in a much discussed article, "What's the Matter With You American Women?" recently published.

"What's the matter—if anything—with English women?" I asked, when I found Mrs. Glyn sitting in a blaze of sunlight at the Hotel Plaza, a black hat jammed over her red curls, big pearls in her ears and around her throat. "Are they behaving with the same restlessness, the same recklessness, as girls in the country?"

AUTHOR DISCERNES THE RETURN OF THE CHAPERON.

"In London," the novelist with the famous green eyes—most attractive they are too—answered earnestly, "our girls and women are really getting back almost to pre-war conditions. I was much interested and surprised, for I returned expecting to find an even stronger wave of freedom, of independence of the old standards, surging over society. There is nothing of the kind—at least, not among the best classes. The chaperon is coming back, and modesty is the thing."

"Don't think that I am trying to say we are any better than you," she added quickly. "I never wish to criticize America, and, as every one who reads my article about the American girl of to-day will perceive, I wish to give her only help and sympathy. I think the reason for this return to the old standards in English society is simply the power of our hundreds of years of tradition. Probably our girls would do anything that some of yours do. But there are things which our society would not tolerate."

The shapely, ring-laden white hand bent into a fist, the knuckle of the forefinger pressed against the chin. "The English hostess," said Elinor Glyn with emphasis, "would not for a moment tolerate intoxication among her young guests. Such a thing might occur, but it would be swiftly and overwhelmingly condemned. There is no increase in drinking among the younger generation in England."

"There was no such increase here, until Prohibition," I pointed out. "Mrs. Glyn nodded, understandingly.

"I am sure a physician would consider that the increase in drunkenness among some of your young people is basically responsible for all they do," she said.

GIRLS WHO DISFIGURE THEIR BEAUTY BY VULGARITY.

"I do not criticize American girls," she reiterated the next moment. "But some of them I pity. The American woman is the most beautiful in the world—and growing more beautiful every year. She is the most intelligent woman, if she will use her intelligence. Why must there be exorcises on the orange? Why must some girls disfigure their beauty and their intelligence by vulgarity?"

"The so-called 'petting parties' are, to me, just common, just vulgar. They are the sort of thing we at home expect from the chambermaid who sits on the bench and lets her sergeant hug her—not but what there are many chambermaids who are modest and refined! But why should a girl who is well brought up ape the standards and manners of those who are not?"

"The girls say that men don't like them if they are standoffish," I suggested.

"Mrs. Glyn turned her head to one side and smiled wisely and a trifle contemptuously.

"Men nowadays are so busy that they like what is easy to reach—they like it for a little while," she retorted.

(Continued on Page Four.)

DISARMAMENT

A well-known economist has called the French Revolution a bread-riot.

The fall of the Russian Empire had all the earmarks of being another.

When all the nations of the earth are well-fed there will be less need of armament.

Witness the happy throngs at CHILDS—they are at peace with the world!

A plate of steaming hot golden coffee with a cup of milk—just like a man with good will.

Childs

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THE WORLD